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OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

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Thoughts on the Corn Bill now depending in Parliament.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT is a maxim worthy of the wiſeſt of men, that for every thing there is a ſeaſon: Now, Sir, I hope it will not be altogether improper to aſk the landed gentlemen of North Britain, who ſeem ſo warm in ſupport of the corn bill now depending in parliament, in order that it may paſs into a law—is this a proper ſeaſon for promoting any bill that has the remoteſt tendency to raiſe the price of proviſions in this country, particularly that kind on which the poor, the labourer, and induſtrious mechanic chiefly ſubſiſt; more eſpecially as the firſt of theſe are ſo greatly increaſed in this country of late?—It is a fact well known to every intelligent perſon, that his majeſty, ſince the commencement of the unhappy war with America, has been greatly obliged to Scotland for ſupplies of men both for the army and navy, who have been called abroad to venture their lives in the field of battle, many of whom have left their wives and children, or, more properly ſpeaking, widows and orphans, at home, to be a burden upon the country, together with the heavy taxes under which the nation is groaning, and the great decline of trade, eſpecially in the ſea-faring way. This is a true but melancholy reaſon for the very great increaſe of poor in the nation; and while our neighbours in England are generouſly raiſing a fund by voluntary ſubſcription for the comfort and relief of thoſe widows and orphans, I am ſorry to ſee the men of landed property in Scotland forming themſelves into committees, not indeed to mitigate, but rather to heighten their miſeries, by endeavouring all in their power to raiſe the price of that kind of the neceſſaries of life on which they depend for ſupport: Is this the kindneſs and generoſity you ſhew to thoſe who have loſt their neareſt and deareſt relations in the cauſe of their country, and for the defence of your very property? But in order to place this meaſure in another point of view, I cannot help ſaying, that by the plan they are thus endeavouring to promote, they have greatly miſtaken both their own and the nation's beſt intereſts; for, if they were equally zealous in encouraging and pro-

moting the trade and manufactures of their country, as they are in ſupport of the corn bill, they would much ſooner attain the end they aim at, (viz. the encouragement of agriculture and commerce,) than by all the corn laws they can frame: For, Sir, it is the flouriſhing of trade in a city or kingdom that makes land more valuable, and likewiſe proviſions of all kinds to ſell higher than otherwiſe they would do. This is evident from the higher prices they give nigh to commercial cities than in the remoter parts of the country, where trade is neglected: I am, indeed, of opinion, that a juſt and equitable proportion ſhould always be obſerved between the landed intereſt and the trading part of a nation: The price of land, and conſequently of proviſions, ſhould not be too low, as thereby induſtry would be diſcouraged in the cultivation of our lands; neither ſhould they be too high, as thereby diligence and induſtry would be equally diſcouraged among the manufacturing and trading part of the nation. And to which-ever ſide the ſcale of advantage ſhall continue to incline, poverty and ruin muſt be the conſequence in the iſſue to the other ſide: But as our lands, in leſs than half a century back, have doubled their former value, and alſo proviſions of all kinds kept pace with it in an equal advance, will it then be difficult to judge to what ſide the ſcale of advantage inclines? Can it be ſaid that the profits upon trade and the price of labour have kept pace with one another? The very contrary is the caſe in many branches of trade, the profits being greatly leſſened by the very great advance upon all kinds of materials, and yet the prices of work cannot be raiſed in the ſame proportion.

But even allowing that the profits upon trade ſhould riſe equally with the price of proviſions, the tradeſman is only enabled thereby to live at the ſame rate he could have done before all this riſe took place: But now, that our gentlemen have made a very great ſtretch in their manner of living, why ſhould not the tradeſman, and even the labourer, who works for the rich, follow, at a proper diſtance, the example of his ſuperiors, and not be kept always in the ſame low ſtate, when their leaders are ſtill upon the advance in high living. But as many of our affluent people are ſtrangers to the manner in which the labourer and mechanic live, and how far their wages will go in defraying the neceſſary expence of a family, I have endeavoured to give you a ſtate of it in as moderate a manner as I can calculate, for their information. Now, Sir, I ſhall ſuppoſe that an ordinary tradeſman will earn ſix ſhillings ſterling weekly, after deducting the time they are unemployed through the winter, and other neceſſary avocations from work, and a labourer five ſhillings ſterling *per* ditto, which is indeed higher than ſundry of our mechanics' wages will amount to, ſuch as tayiors, who have only a ſhilling a day when at work, and, by the inconſtant nature of their buſineſs, may be ſome months idle in the ſpace of a year; and alſo our common weavers, whoſe wages, at an average through the year, will not amount to five ſhillings ſterling *per* week. Allowing then they have a wife and only three children to maintain, they will have occaſion to lay out their wages weekly in the following manner, viz.

	s.	d.
To houſe rent, miniſter's ſtipend, road-money, &c. *per* week -	0	8
To coal and candle *per* ditto -	0	8
To cloathing, waſhing, &c. -	1	0
To education of three children, and books, &c. - -	0	6
To purchaſing and upholding tools	0	2
To caſh ſpent at receiving their wages, tobacco, &c. - -	0	2
To maintenance of five perſons for one week, including milk, meal, and all other neceſſaries -	2	10
L.	0	6	0

Now, after paying the other articles abſolutely needful, you will ſee they have not a penny a-day for the maintenance of each perſon in the tradeſman's family, whoſe wages amount to ſix ſhillings *per* week; and how far that will go in purchaſing all the neceſſaries of life, even at the preſent rate of meal, I might leave to the friends of the corn bill themſelves to be judges. To what greater hardſhips then muſt thoſe families be expoſed, whoſe wages only amount to five ſhillings a-week? Would it not be more honourable in our gentlemen to abridge a little of their ſuperfluities, in order that the poor may ſhare ſomewhat more of the bounties of Providence, which the Great Creator gives ſo liberally to all his creatures, and not endeavour to reduce them below the miſerable ſlaves in the wilds of America, who are allowed, even by their tyrannical maſters, to raiſe poultry and ſwine, and alſo all kinds of vegetables, for the uſe of their families? But now, as

times go, a journeyman mechanic, or a labourer in this country, can hardly attain to any of theſe, even to keep the holidays with his friends. Does this quadrate, gentlemen, with the deſignation given our country as a land of liberty, and the freeſt people in the world, when in reality it is only ſo in name or in ſound, without any ſignification? Be aſhamed, then, of ſuch oppreſſive meaſures, which, if attained, would, in the event, defeat the very end you ſeem to aim at; for they might as well expect to ſupport a fabric without a foundation, as that the prices of corn can be raiſed and kept up, without the trade of the country is raiſed, in order to ſupport it. It is a very juſt and ſolid argument already made uſe of againſt the paſſing this bill in parliament, that this country ought to be upon an equal footing, as to the importation-price of grain, with England: But, Sir, I imagine this country ſhould rather be lower in the importation price than England, as there is no compariſon between their trade and ours; and if we are ſo far inferior to them in trade, it is certainly ſomewhat juſt and neceſſary that the price of corn ſhould be likewiſe ſomething lower; as no tradeſman would ſtay long in a country where he has conſiderably leſs buſineſs, and yet proviſions as high as in England, where trade is much more flouriſhing; and this may juſtly account for the great number of hands which go annually to England for work in the different branches of manufacture, many of whom never return, to the great prejudice of the trade of this country.

I cannot help likewiſe here obſerving the great diſadvantage our trade ſuffers, by our royal boroughs electing men of landed property, or officers in the army, who have no concern in trade themſelves, for their repreſentatives in parliament. Can any of theſe gentlemen have either knowledge or experience of the moſt proper plans to be concerted and purſued by the country in general, or their conſtituents in particular, for the advancement of trade, as one who has been trained up in buſineſs during the whole courſe of his life? or can they be ſo feelingly intereſted in its ſucceſs as thoſe whoſe intereſt is equally concerned with that of their conſtituents? eſpecially as the former of theſe gentlemen ſeldom viſits our towns but before a general election, and the latter is often called abroad upon duty, and may poſſibly be detained a priſoner among his enemies, and ſo can neither repreſent the grievances, or ſupport the intereſts of his conſtituents? Lay aſide then your party ſchemes, and little intereſted ſelfiſh views, and let reaſon and public ſpirit guide you in your future elections, to chuſe men, who will patronize and encourage men of merit in the different branches of manufactures, and not allow our neighbours to carry away the profits of the beſt articles of our national trade, ſuch as the ſalmon fiſheries of Forth, Tay, &c. and the ſilk manufactories in Paiſley, &c.

Might not a ſum be raiſed by ſubſcription for carrying on our manufactures, and alſo for ſetting up other branches, ſuch as hardware of all kinds, cloths, porter, &c. and for encouraging the herring and cod fiſheries upon our coaſts, which is an inexhauſtible fund or ſource of riches, as well as of ſeamen?—And although the money laid out in this way might not make ſuitable returns for ſome time, yet if it were perſevered in, it would turn to good account to the nation at laſt, and would encourage our hands at home, who are obliged to go to other countries or inliſt in the army for bread, to the great hurt of the beſt intereſts of our trade: It would likewiſe keep the money in the country, which is annually drained from us for the above articles, which might be brought to perfection at home if due attention and encouragement were given; and, by this means, a market would be opened for all kinds of the neceſſaries of life in every town where trade is encouraged, which will be the beſt plan for promoting the agriculture of of the country. I am,

Your's, &c.

A Friend to the Trade and Commerce of Scotland.

On the unhappy Conſequences of an immoderate Attachment to Riches. A Tragical Story.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The love of Money is the root of all evil.
PAUL.

SIR,

RICHES, when poſſeſſed by the benevolent man, are, perhaps, one of the greateſt of human bleſſings. To ſupply the wants of the forlorn widow and fatherleſs, and thoſe, who from affluence, by ſome unforeſeen misfortune, are reduced to miſery and want, are actions

that even angels would delight to perform; and of such infinite importance are they to the persons who practise them, that we are assured, from the very best authority, they will, in a particular manner, be taken notice of, in that tremendous day of accounts, by HIM "who is then to wind up the grand œconomy of nature, and open the solemn scene."

That *money*, however, is the efficient cause of an innumerable train of human miseries, is a truth that need only be named. What but the introduction of luxury, the inseparable concomitant of riches, by the great *Cyrus* himself, rendered his hardy followers effeminate, and in the sequel proved the subversion of his extensive empire? *Greece*, the mother of heroes, while directed by the institutes of the immortal Solon and Lycurgus, was always invincible; but no sooner were they laid aside, and an insatiable thirst for the Persian gold engrossed the minds of her leaders, than her aspiring struggles for liberty became languid, and she fell an easy prey to the conqueror. *Rome*, the *once* mistress of the world, likewise, in her turn, after extending her conquests to the "gorgeous east," introduced into her commonwealth the baneful effects of *riches*, which, in like manner, proved fatal to her. Happy were these republics when an *Aristides* and a *Fabricius* were among their public directors!

Since powerful empires and states have thus fallen victims to the direful effects of *riches*, it naturally follows that private individuals must also have had their share of misfortunes from the like cause. I shall not, however, trouble your readers with any more *common-place* hints from the historic page, but shall present you with a story which happened in *private life*, in which, in a striking manner, is exhibited the fatal effects of an immoderate attachment to this *root of all evil*. I take this method of illustrating my subject, in imitation of your *once* ingenious correspondent the *Moralist*, whose absence I, with many of your readers, sincerely lament, who somewhere observes, "that *narrative* has frequently more effect upon the mind of the reader than abstract reasoning."

ROSARA was the *only* daughter of a gentleman in the north country, possessed of several hundreds *per annum*. She had, in an eminent degree, a most beautiful "fit of features," attended with those nameless graces of person which insensibly attract the attention of the most superficial observer; to which was added the greatest good-nature; an uncommon affability; an humane and feeling heart, and an accomplished understanding. In fine, to sum up her character in a few words, she was, in *fact*, what the daughter of Cato was in *description*, possest

Of *inward* greatness, *unaffected* wisdom,
And *faultless* of manners. ADDISON.

It is, however, necessary to observe, that she was unlucky in a father. He was a man in whose breast *avarice* had gained considerable ground, and whose heart was, in a great measure, callous to the tender feelings of paternal affection: as it is reported of him, that he would often, when speaking on the subject of marriage, ridicule that famous saying of *Themistocles*, namely, "that he would much rather marry his daughter to a man of *merit*, though poor, than to one who was *rich* without it," by observing, that if he had *his* daughter married to a man of fortune, he did not care whether he had merit or not.

Among the many who paid their addresses to this very accomplished young lady, was PHILANDER, a gentleman who, to an agreeable appearance, added the more engaging qualifications of the mind. He, though perhaps inferior in point of fortune to almost every one of her admirers, gained her intire affection, and they agreed, by mutual promises, to be one another's for life.

A father frequently is not the first person who is acquainted with such attachments in his family. This was also the case with Rosara's; her other relations were the persons who first gave him this piece of information, endeavouring, at the same time, as much as possible, to exaggerate every circumstance to the prejudice of Philander, and, insisting, in the most earnest manner, upon his doing every thing in his power to put a stop to their further connections. This piece of intelligence startled him greatly; and when we consider his own disposition, as noticed above, it is no hard matter to conceive how much he was irritated in consequence of it.

Rosara was informed of what had happened between her father and friends, before her next interview with Philander. She accordingly, with an aching heart,

told him the circumſtance, adding, that ſhe underſtood her father was in a terrible rage, and was determined to ſtop any further connection between them, but that he had not as yet mentioned it to her, though ſhe every day expected it. "It ſhall not, however (continued ſhe), be in the power of any of my friends to cauſe me marry any perſon but ſuch as I chuſe myſelf; neither ſhall all their united efforts conſtrain me to love you leſs than I do at preſent." Philander conjured her to abide by theſe reſolutions, and departed.

A very few days after, as Roſara was one evening ſitting alone in her room, her father entered it, and having taken two or three turns, broke ſilence to the following purport:—"I had a conſiderable while ſince begun to ſuſpect, that there was more betwixt you and Philander than what I was well aware of, but of this I am now credibly informed by ſome of your friends, who have your intereſt much at heart; and who tell me, that to ſuch a length are matters now carried, that you and he are determined, as ſoon as poſſible, to be united in wedlock. This, however, I forbid, on pain of incurring my higheſt reſentment. How much do you think ſuch an union would degrade you? He is a perſon intirely beneath your ſtation, and conſequently unworthy of your ſmalleſt notice, when a matrimonial affair comes under conſideration! Beſides, I hope you will remember that *Superbo* is at your ſervice; and, as he is a gentleman of *ſtation*, I expect you are to comply with his deſires."—"My dear father (replied ſhe trembling), I never did intend to marry Philander without giving you previous information; and ſince you have now mentioned ſuch an affair, I ingenuouſly confeſs that I love him above every other perſon; and my affection, by its long continuance, is too deeply rooted to be eradicated; beſides, as I live in a land of liberty, you will ſurely not deny me the privilege of the *irrationals*, namely, the freedom of *choice*, as I am now arrived at a time of life capable of judging for myſelf: But, above all, I beg you will conſider that I have engaged myſelf, by the ſtrongeſt *promiſes*, to be his for life; and I have heard it ſaid, "that a young man and woman who have come under free, voluntary, mutual *promiſes*, whether verbal or written, are actually married, even though they ſhould never come together, and the defaulter, if ever married, lives in adultery. Surely you would not then be guilty of making me the perpetrator of ſuch a deteſtable crime?"—Talk not (anſwered he with ſome warmth) of *promiſes*, or any ſuch fantaſtic abſurdities; I tell you nothing is in the ſmalleſt degree binding, till once the parties have joined hands before the parſon: *Promiſes!* a pretty ſtory truly! a parcel of chimerical notions you have got into your brain. Such fellows as Philander, who are poſſeſſed of a large ſhare of rhetorical abilities, can very eaſily perſuade a raw unexperienced girl, intirely unacquainted with the world, ſuch as you are, to believe any thing."—"But, my dear father (replied ſhe, ready to ſink on the chair), it is really abſolutely impoſſible that I can enjoy the ſmalleſt happineſs in being united to any other perſon, even allowing there ſhould be, as you ſay, no weight in promiſes; as no ſuch thing, you are very ſenſible, can actually exiſt, except the affection be reciprocal; and although Philander's fortune be but ſmall, yet, when added to mine, they will, together, make one ſo very conſiderable, as will very well enable us to live *comfortably*, as neither of us, I believe, has any ambition to live ſplendidly. I cannot, indeed, ſpeak from experience; but ſurely "the great ſecret of being happy in the married ſtate conſiſts not ſo much in being affluent as in loving each other well; in that caſe all things muſt conform themſelves to our deſires. This muſt produce a ſweetneſs which will abſorb all the vexations of life. In ſuch a ſituation the heart of the one is in that of the other; they think and act even in concert, and are often on the point of ſaying the ſame thing. No exiſtence is truly ſo precious as that of two married perſons who love each other; and I ſhould rather chuſe to loſe my life this day than ———" "Where, in the name of wonder (ſays he, interrupting her, and quite in a rage), have you gleaned up all this romantic ſtuff? Not one word, I ſay, more of that imaginary happineſs you talk of; it is wealth alone that conſtitutes what truly deſerves the name of *happineſs*; and, when that is a-wanting, I would not give a pin for what you call *reciprocal affection*: Superbo's fortune, together with your own, will place you in an independent ſtation, and therein conſiſts what in reality is happineſs! I am therefore determined to

have you united to him with all poſſible diſpatch; ſo not *one* word *more* in oppoſition to the mandates of your father!" So ſaying, he went out of the room in a paſſion, leaving the amiable Roſara in a ſtate of the utmoſt perplexity.

She would have at that time given the world to have ſeen Philander; but as he happened, in conſequence of ſome material buſineſs, to be from home, that was impoſſible; beſides, it was intirely out of her power to ſend any perſon in the family to inform him of what had paſſed, provided he had been at home; ſo ſtrictly were her actions then obſerved.

In the mean time, ſo firmly did her father adhere to what he told her, that he diſpatched a meſſenger, who brought Superbo and a notary, who drew up in form the marriage-contract, without ever ſo much as conſulting the diſconſolate Roſara. The news of this had juſt reached Philander's dwellings by the time of his return. He was ſhocked at the relation, and was on the point of contriving ſome method of ſeeing Roſara (her father having previouſly found means to forbid him his houſe), in order to enquire if ſuch a thing was done with her concurrence. This determination was, however, ſuppreſſed, by reflecting that her father was a man of conſummate prudence, and who performed all his actions with the utmoſt deliberation, ſo that he naturally inferred this affair would be the reſult of her own coincidence. It was, indeed, a matter of the utmoſt difficulty to bring himſelf to think, that Roſara would ſo ſuddenly alter her reſolution; but when he reflected upon the effect of advice, paternal affection, the fickleneſs of the ſex, the diſparity of his fortune when compared with Superbo's, he really imagined every thing was done with the conſent of all parties. Such reflections as theſe confirmed his opinion, and he finally reſolved not to ſee her again, as he naturally ſuppoſed ſuch an interview could not fail to add to his preſent load of grief, and, at the ſame time, give him an opportunity of upbraiding her with her breach of fidelity, a circumſtance he then did not chuſe to do.

The laſt rupture between Great Britain and France was then newly commenced; and Philander having had a previous inclination to the army, an opportunity at that very time offered itſelf, as ſome troops were juſt about to embark for America. He therefore, in order partly to wear off the remembrance of his deareſt Roſara, who, he then concluded, was given up to another, and partly to gratify his own inclination, entered himſelf a voluntier in one of theſe corps. About two days after he embarked, leaving the ſettling and management of his affairs in the hands of a friend, who was to ſucceed to his eſtate, provided he ſhould never return.

His departure being ſo very ſudden, Roſara had not the ſmalleſt notice of it until he was gone, ſoon after which, by his orders, ſhe received a letter ſpecifying his reaſons for ſo ſudden a departure. The ſituation ſhe was then in is much eaſier to conceive than deſcribe: But what made it ſtill more deplorable was, the extreme cruelty of her father and friends, who ſtill inhumanly inſiſted on her marrying Superbo, and who alſo ſo brutal as obtrude his ſolicitations with theirs. She was, however, inflexible, and told them in plain terms, that ſince Philander was prevented from enjoying her, none elſe ever ſhould. She moreover comforted herſelf, that ſo ſoon as an opportunity offered of writing to him, ſhe would then clear up the whole affair, by letting him know that every thing was carried on contrary to her inclination, and that he ſtill, above every other perſon, was dear to her.

Soon after his arrival, the troops with which he came along joined the expedition of Gen. Braddock againſt Fort du Queſne, an affair well known to many of your readers. Its melancholy event is alſo, I dare ſay, recent in ſome of their memories. In this unfortunate action Philander took the direction of the battalion in which he ſerved, after its commanding officer was killed, and after having, with it, performed deeds worthy of a ſecond Leonidas, he ſhared the ſame fate with the general, ſuch as did many other brave officers who alſo fell that day.—The effects of his valour ſo exaſperated ſome of the Indians who ſerved along with the French in that engagement, that after having inſulted his dead body, they added that piece of cruelty peculiar to themſelves, namely *ſcalping*. His corpſe was, however, afterwards diſcovered by an intimate companion of his at the general burying of the ſlain, by means of a miniature picture of Roſara ſet in gold, which he had always worn ſuſpended by a ribband round his neck, and which had

accidentally eſcaped the vigilance of the ſavages. This, with ſome trifles, was returned to his friend.

The fate of the amiable Roſara, in conſequence of theſe melancholy news, is a ſcene too big with horror to dwell upon. After the firſt tranſports of her grief, which was exceſſive, were abated, her words became incoherent, her actions extravagant, and the whole of her deportment gave evident ſigns of inſanity. It was therefore thought neceſſary to watch her, in order to prevent her from committing any act of violence upon herſelf. Theſe precautions unluckily proved fruitleſs, as ſhe was one morning found ſtrangled in her bed.—Thus fell two innocent and worthy perſons, victims to the inſatiable deſires of *avarice*, ſincerely lamented by all who had the happineſs of knowing them.—From their unhappy fate take this advice:

——"Ye parents who from *nature* ſtray,
And the great ties of *ſocial* life betray;
Ne'er with your children act a *tyrant's* part;
'Tis yours to GUIDE, not VIOLATE the heart."
THOMSON.

Yours, &c.

PELOPIDAS.

Airſhire, Dec. 25.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

DEBATES *in the* PANTHEON *on the continuation of the American War.*

Mr Preſident,

IN all the converſations I have ever liſtened to reſpecting the preſent war, I have generally heard the whole arguments, uſed by the friends of America, ſummed up in the following two: "The American rebellion is juſtified from their ability to rebel; the injuſtice of our reſiſtance is evident from our inability to reſiſt." But the Americans, Sir, are robbing us of our lands and poſſeſſions, of the better half of our empire, and are, therefore, no more to be juſtified than the highwayman who has robbed me of my purſe, becauſe he has been able to do it. Protector Waſhington and his lords of the Congreſs may, for a while, continue the ſcene of murder and deſolation; they may, for a while, find their ſafety in the ſtrength of their arms; they may, perchance, eſcape the juſt puniſhment of their crimes from men: But I have ſomewhere read, and I believe it to be true, "That there is ſome choſen curſe, ſome hidden thunder in the ſtores of heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the men who owe their greatneſs to their country's ruin."

As the remembrance of paſt injury adds a keenneſs to the ſpirit of future vengeance, let us, before we determine the queſtion, attend to the horrid experience of the paſt; let us, undiſturbed by the din of her battles, calmly liſten to the mournful hiſtory of America.

Let us recall to our memory thoſe unhappy times when the regions of Britain, like thoſe of America, teemed with the bloody genius of a *Protector Cromwell*. Tyranny then aſſumed the robes of liberty, and murder the maſk of religion; fable was invented for the ſuperſtitious, terror was hung out to the timorous, creeds and articles were contrived to confound reaſon. The clergy of Britain, like thoſe of America, inveſted themſelves with all the artillery of their order; the promiſes of heaven were beſtowed upon one, the terrors of hell decreed againſt another; the minds of the people were inflamed to a degree of enthuſiaſtic madneſs, and they were then, as they are now, led on to the commiſſion of the blackeſt crimes that ever diſgraced the pages of hiſtory.

Scarce, Sir, had the genius of Britain prevailed in this conflict, and ſcarce were the bleſſings of peace reſtored to us with the ſon of our murdered king, when the abettors of this rebellion abandoned a country where rebels could no longer exiſt; when, like the dæmons of diſcord, they ſhunned the dawn of tranquillity, and fled to thoſe corners of the earth where anarchy and uproar in their native rudeneſs prevailed. Then it was that the wilds of America gave refuge to the regicides of Britain; to a race of men more ſubtile than her ſerpents, more inhuman than her ſavages; to a race of men, whoſe incendiary principles deſcending from ſire to ſon, have at laſt kindled the flames of that dreadful commotion which now ſhakes her wide continent to its wideſt center.

However forlorn theſe ſettlers may ſeem to have been, and however unworthy the protection of their country, they were not abandoned to the miſery of their fate. Under the protection of Britiſh laws they quickly advanced from the ſhame of poverty, to the pride of opulence; under the protection of Britiſh ar-

mies they rapidly aroſe from the contempt of weakneſs, to the dignity of power. Such, Sir, have been the triumphs of Britiſh clemency, and ſuch the excellence of that ſtate which they attempted to overturn.

Would to God that, for the honour of human nature, I could now veil the ſucceeding pages of the American hiſtory! but theſe, alas! it is not in the power of time to obliterate, or of ingenuity to craſe. The unhappy period will ſtill be recent in our memories, when the warlike banners of the houſe of Bourbon were waved againſt America, and when the hoſtile ſpirit of a ſurrounding foe aſſiſted in the plan of her total deſtruction; when the ſavage Indians drove them to the ſea, and the ſea drove them back to the ſavage Indians; and when, with a mournful detail of ruined ſettlements and ſlaughtered ſubjects, they demanded the protection of the Britiſh crown:—Then was the time that every inhabitant of America ſtiled himſelf the ſubject of Britain—then was the time that they implored, at the foot of their parent throne, to be acknowledged and protected as ſuch.

His majeſty of Britain, rouſed into indignation, with a juſt ſenſe of the ſufferings of his ſubjects, animated the reſolves of his councils, braced the nerves of his armies, and urged them, in a tempeſt of patriotic rage, upon the foes of their country. The treaſures of Britain were laviſhed in ſupport of America, and the flower of her armies ſacrificed to her ſafety. The powerful arm of her parent nation prevented the doom that was denounced againſt her, and yet, ever true to the good old cauſe of rebellion, has ſhe not ingratefully ſpurned the kind hand that cheriſhed her childhood? has ſhe not openly curſed that conſtitution, and thoſe laws that protected her riper years? has ſhe not violated the laws of her country, trampled upon the ſacred authority of her king, and reared up her creſted head of independence againſt him? nay, in the face of a juſt heaven, and of a ſurrounding world, has ſhe not now ſacrificed to the ſword thoſe very men who have often expoſed their lives and bled in her defence?

If ſuch has been the experience of paſt inſult, what muſt be our hopes of future revenge? Some from a coolneſs of conſtitution or diſaffection of ſentiment, may be inclined to look upon guilt and rebellion with a degree of perfect indifference; but I confeſs I am tempered even to madneſs, when I review a ſcene of conduct ſo baſe, a train of ingratitude ſo infernal; when the vapours of ambition have urged an infatuated people to compete for a diviſion of our empire, and to unſheath the ſword of rebellion againſt us: when the fields of our provinces, and the ſurface of our ideas are ſtained with the beſt blood of our fellow-ſubjects, when our commerce has been invaded, our cities conſumed, our colonies laid deſolate; when the full glories of our empire have been mingled with the duſt. In ſuch a ſituation of affairs, can there exiſt in Britain a heart that does not beat for revenge? that does not wiſh to invigorate the vengeance of our armies, that does not wiſh to accumulate the thunders of our fleets?

Our hopes of future ſucceſs ſhall ſpring from experience of paſt injury. In recollecting the various ſcenes of American baſeneſs, the genius of the nation ſhall at laſt be rouſed into rage; the remembrance of what paſt on the banks of the Ohio, in the ſwamps of Oſwego, and on the plains of Abraham, ſhall add vigour to the vengeance of her arm, and keenneſs to the temper of her ſword: The injured ſpirits of the unfortunate Braddock, the gallant Howe, and the much lamented Wolfe, if they have yet any ſenſe of their country's wrongs, ſhall intereſt the thunders of heaven againſt America; and her high creſted head of rebellion, borne down by the enormity of her crimes, ſhall yet fall a victim to the vengeance of the ſtate.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Whether does Satire or Panegyrick tend moſt to excite Virtuous Actions?

EVERY queſtion that ſtands connected with morality or virtue deſerves to be conſidered with ſerioufneſs and attention; as nothing is more important to the good of ſociety and happineſs of individuals, than a ſtrict and univerſal regard to the cauſe of virtue.

In offering my ſentiments upon the preſent queſtion, I ſhall *firſt* endeavour to prove, that ſatire has very little, if any, tendency to excite virtuous actions; and then ſubmit a few thoughts upon the influence that panegyrick is commonly obſerved to have upon the minds of mankind.

The moſt that can be alledged in favour of ſatire is, that it may have ſome negative influence in promoting virtue, by bringing into diſrepute ſome particular vices; but even this much, I apprehend, is ſeldom if ever found to be the caſe; for it is commonly obſerved, that men riſe in affection to their follies, as they do to their friends when they are abuſed by others. The buſineſs of ſatire, when levelled againſt vice, is no doubt to place it in the moſt abſurd point of view; but it is well known, that habitual or conſtitutional vices come to have ſuch influence, that, however ridiculous they may appear in the eye of reaſon, yet having the paſſions entirely at command, remonſtrances from that quarter are found to be quite unavailable; and experience ſhews, that inclination has much greater influence than reaſon upon the moral conduct of mankind. The only proper uſe of ſatire is, I apprehend, to render contemptible and ridiculous any enormities that may appear in dreſs or faſhions, which do not deſerve being attacked in a more ſerious manner: but thoſe who attempt the arduous taſk of reforming the morals of mankind, muſt take ſome other courſe; otherwiſe, I doubt much if they ſhall be very ſucceſsful.

The moſt certain method of deciding any queſtion, reſpecting the impreſſions that mankind are liable to receive, and the motives which have the greateſt influence upon their conduct, is, by attending ſtrictly to what paſſes in our own minds; for although the particular tempers and humours of mankind are various as the features of their countenance, yet the great outlines of both are univerſally the ſame.

Now, let us put the caſe to ourſelves; when we peruſe the works of a ſatirical writer, all the effect they have is only, perhaps, to make us admire the wit and ingenuity of the author;—if he is a laughing ſatiriſt, we may probably join in the laugh with him; but if he appears to be in a paſſion, the laugh, as in converſation, will certainly turn againſt him.

On the other hand it muſt be admitted, that nothing has a greater or more general influence upon mankind than emulation, in exciting them to generous, heroic, or virtuous actions; and as by panegyric I underſtand the beſtowing juſt encomiums upon perſons or actions, which, for ſome peculiar excellence, merit the public eſteem and applauſe, ſo it will not be diſputed, that panegyric has the moſt natural tendency to ſtir up the uſeful and laudable principle of emulation in the human mind. If we are addicted to any particular vice, a direct attack made upon it ſets us upon our guard, and we will, no doubt, immediately ſtand forth in its defence; but if the oppoſite virtue is painted forth to us in the moſt ſtriking and lively colours, either in itſelf or in its effects, by a panegyric on the actions of one under its immediate influence, our hearts are caught 'ere we are aware; we admire the lovely features of the ſtranger, and, as we judge of every thing by compariſon, admire it the more, by contraſting it with the deteſtable viſage of its oppoſite vice.—So that, upon the whole, it appears to me, that panegyric tends more than ſatire to excite to virtuous actions.

OBSERVATOR.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW *of* American *Affairs in the Year* 1775. [P. 6.]

GEN. Waſhington was not inattentive to the danger of his ſituation. He ſaw, that if he continued where he was, he would at length be compelled to commit the whole fortune of the war, and the ſafety of all the colonies, to the hazard of a general engagement; a deciſion, of which he had every cauſe to apprehend the event, and in which a defeat would be final, as there could ſcarcely be a poſſibility of retreat. His army likewiſe, which had been diſheartened by their late misfortunes, was then much reduced by ſickneſs, which the ſeverity of the ſervices, indifferent quarters, inſufficient cloathing, the want of ſalt and other neceſſaries, joined to a ſlovenlineſs generally prevalent in America, had rendered general, and very fatal in his camp.

A grand movement was accordingly made, by which the army was formed into a line of ſmall, detached, and intrenched camps, which occupied every height and ſtrong ground, from Valentine's hill, not far from Kingſbridge, on the right, to the White Plains, and the upper road to Connecticut on the left. In this poſition they faced the whole line of march of the King's troops at a moderate diſtance, the deep river Bronx covering their front, and the North river at ſome diſtance in their rear, whilſt the open ground to the laſt afforded a ſecure

paſſage for their ſtores and baggage to the upper country. A garriſon was left for the protection of Fort Waſhington, the lines of Harlem and Kingſbridge.

In this ſituation of the enemy, Gen. Howe thought it neceſſary to proceed with great circumſpection. The progreſs was ſlow, the march of the army cloſe, the encampments compact, and well guarded with artillery, and the moſt ſoldier-like caution uſed in every reſpect. This did not reſtrain the enemy from ſending parties over the Brunx to impede their march, which occaſioned ſeveral ſkirmiſhes, in which the royal army were generally ſucceſsful. Upon the approach of the army to the White Plains, the enemy quitted their detached camps along the Brunx, and, joining their left, took a ſtrong ground of encampment before the Britiſh on the former.

Everything being prepared [Oct. 28.] for bringing the enemy to action, the army marched early in the morning in two columns towards the White Plains, the left being commanded by Gen. Heiſter. Before noon, all the enemy's advanced poſts being drove back to their works by the light infantry and Heſſian Chaſſeurs, the army formed, with the right upon the road from Mamoroneck, at about a mile's diſtance from their center, and the left to the Brunx, at about the ſame diſtance from the right flank of their intrenchments.

A body of the enemy poſſeſſed an advantageous ground, that was ſeparated from their right flank by the Brunx, and which alſo, by its windings, covered that corps in front from the left of our army. As this poſt would have been of great conſequence in attacking that flank of the intrenchments, Brig.-gen. Leſlie, with the ſecond brigade of Britiſh troops, and the Heſſian grenadiers under Col. Donop, and a battalion of that corps, were ordered to diſlodge the enemy. Previous to their attack, Col. Rale, who commanded a brigade of Heſſians on the left, had paſſed the Brunx, and gained a poſt which enabled him to annoy the enemy's flank, while they were engaged with the other forces in front.

Though the paſſage of the river was difficult, it was performed with the greateſt ſpirit, and the 28th and 35th regiments being the firſt that paſſed, formed with the greateſt ſteadineſs under the enemy's fire on the oppoſite ſide; they then aſcended a ſteep hill, in defiance of all oppoſition, and ruſhing on the enemy, ſoon routed and drove them from their works. No leſs alacrity was ſhewn by the other troops in ſupporting theſe two regiments. The gaining of this important poſt took up a conſiderable time, which was prolonged by the enemy's ſtill ſupporting a broken and ſcattered engagement, in defence of the adjoining walls and hedges. In the evening the Heſſian grenadiers were ordered forward upon the heights within cannon-ſhot of the intrenchments; the ſecond brigade of Britiſh formed in their rear, and the two Heſſian brigades on the left of the ſecond. The right and center of the army did not remove from the ground upon which they had formed. In that poſition the whole army lay upon their arms during the night, with a full intention, and in the higheſt expectation, of attacking the enemy's camp next morning.

It was perceived in the morning, that the enemy had drawn back their encampment in the night, and had greatly ſtrengthened their lines by additional works. Upon this account the attack was deferred, and it was thought neceſſary to wait for the arrival of the fourth brigade, and two battalions of the ſixth, which had been left with Lord Percy at New-York. Upon the arrival of theſe troops, the neceſſary diſpoſitions were made in the evening for attacking the enemy early on the laſt of October; but an extreme wet night and morning prevented this deſign from being carried into execution.

In the mean time, Gen. Waſhington had not the ſmalleſt intention of venturing an engagement, whilſt there was a poſſibility of its being avoided. He knew that delay was in ſome ſort victory to him: That ſmall actions, which could not in the leaſt affect the public ſafety, would more effectually train his men to ſervice, and inure them to danger, than a general action, which might in one day decide their own, and the fate of America. It muſt be acknowledged, that in the courſe of this campaign, and more particularly in this part of it, he fully performed the part of no mean commander.

The American accounts ſay, that upon our covering four or five batteries with a powerful artillery, preparatory to an attack, together with the General's knowledge that, by turning his camp, the Bri-

ſh might become poſſeſſed of hills at his back which totally commanded it, he found it neceſſary to change its poſition. He accordingly quitted his camp on the night of the 1ſt of November, and took higher grounds towards the North Caſtle diſtrict, having firſt ſet fire to the town or village of White Plains, as well as to all the houſes and forage near the lines The Britiſh army next day took poſſeſſion of their intrenchment.

Gen. Howe ſeeing that the enemy could not be enticed to an engagement, and that the nature of the country did not admit of their being forced to it, determined not to loſe time in a fruitleſs purſuit, and to take this opportunity of driving them out of their ſtrong-holds in York Iſland; an operation which their army could not now poſſibly prevent. For this purpoſe, Gen. Knyphauſen croſſed the country from New Rochelle, and having taken poſſeſſion of King's Bridge without oppoſition, entered York Iſland, and took his ſtation to the north of Fort Waſhington, to which the enemy had retired at his approach.

Fort Waſhington lay on the weſt ſide of New York Iſland, not far from King's Bridge, near Jeffery's Hook, and almoſt facing Fort Lee on the Jerſey ſide, from which it was ſeparated by the North River. This work, though not contemptible, was not ſufficient to reſiſt heavy artillery; and it was by no means of a ſufficient extent for any other purpoſe than the ſtrengthening of lines. But the ſituation was extremely ſtrong, and the approaches difficult.

The army having returned ſlowly by the North River, encamped [November 13th.] on the heights of Fordham, at a moderate diſtance from King's-Bridge, with that river on its right, and the Brunx on the left. Every thing being prepared for attacking the fort, and the commander, Colonel Magaw, refuſing a ſummons to ſurrender, and declaring he would defend it to the laſt extremity, a general aſſault was determined upon, as ſaving the time that would be loſt in regular approaches. The garriſon conſiſted of near 3000 men, and the ſtrong grounds round the Fort were covered with lines and works. Four attacks were made [November 16th] at the ſame time. The firſt, on the north ſide, was conducted by Gen. Knyphauſen, at the head of two columns of Heſſians and Waldeckers. The ſecond, on the eaſt, by Brig-gen. Matthews, at the head of the 1ſt and 2d battalions of light infantry, and two battalions of guards, ſupported by Lord Cornwallis with the 1ſt and 2d battalions of grenadiers, and the 33d regiment. The forces croſſed the Eaſt River in flat boats, and as the enemy's works there extended the breadth of the iſland, redoubts and batteries were erected on the oppoſite ſhore, as well to cover the landing of the troops, as to annoy thoſe works which were near the water. The third attack, which was principally intended as a feint to diſtract the enemy, was conducted by Lieut.-col. Stirling, with the 42d regiment, who paſſed the Eaſt River lower down, between the ſecond and fourth attacks. The laſt attack was made by Lord Percy, with the corps which he commanded on the ſouth of the iſland. All the attacks were ſupported with a numerous, powerful, and well ſerved artillery.

The Heſſians under Gen. Knyphauſen had a thick wood to paſs, where the enemy were advantageouſly poſted, and a warm engagement was continued for a conſiderable time, in which the former were much expoſed, and behaved with great firmneſs and bravery. In the mean time the light infantry landed, and were expoſed, both before and after, to a very briſk and continual fire from the enemy, who were themſelves covered by the rocks and trees among which they were poſted. The former, however, with their uſual alertneſs and activity, extricated themſelves by clambering up a very ſteep and rugged mountain, when they ſoon diſperſed the enemy, and made way for the landing of the reſt of the troops without oppoſition. During theſe tranſactions, Lord Percy having carried an advanced work on his ſide, Col. Stirling was ordered to attempt a landing, and two battalions of the 2d brigade to ſupport him. This ſervice was effected by the Colonel with great bravery. He advanced his boats through a very heavy fire, which they bore with the greateſt firmneſs and perſeverance, and forcing his way up a ſteep height, gained the ſummit, and took 170 priſoners, notwithſtanding a bold and good defence made by the enemy.

In the mean time Col, Ralle, who led the right column of Gen. Knyphauſen's attack, having forced the enemy, after a conſiderable oppoſition, from their ſtrong

poſts in his line, puſhed forward on their works, and lodged his column within an hundred yards of the fort; and being ſoon after joined by the General with the left column, who had at length overcome the impediments which he met with in the wood, the garriſon ſurrendered priſoners of war. The loſs on either ſide was not in any degree proportioned to the warmth, length, and variety of the action. The quantity of gunpowder found in the Fort was utterly inadequate to the purpoſe of almoſt the ſhorteſt defence. How ſo large a body was left with ſo poor a proviſion, is extremely unaccountable. But the narrative of all theſe tranſactions is hitherto very imperfect.

Upon this acquiſition, a ſtrong body of forces, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, was paſſed over the North River, in order to take Fort Lee, and make a further impreſſion in the Jerſeys. The garriſon of 2000 men had a narrow eſcape, by abandoning the Fort juſt before his Lordſhip's arrival [November 18th], leaving their artillery, ſtores, tents, and every thing behind. Our troops afterwards over-run the greater part of both the Jerſeys without oppoſition, the enemy flying every where before them; and at length extended their winter cantonments from New Brunſwick to the Delaware. If they had any means of paſſing that river upon their firſt arrival in its neighbourhood, there ſeems little doubt, conſidering the conſternation and diſmay which then prevailed among the enemy, that they might eaſily have become maſters of the city of Philadelphia; but the former, very prudently, either deſtroyed the boats, or removed them out of the way.

During theſe ſucceſſes in the Jerſeys, Gen. Clinton, with two brigades of Britiſh, and two of Heſſian troops, with a ſquadron of ſhips of war under the command of Sir Peter Parker, were ſent to make an attempt upon Rhode Iſland. In this enterprize they ſucceeded beyond expectation. The rebels having abandoned the iſland at their approach, they took poſſeſſion of it without the loſs of a man; at the ſame time that they blocked up Hopkins's ſquadron, which was in the harbour of Providence, on the adjoining continent. The ſquadron and troops continued here during the winter, where they had better quarters than any other of the king's forces. Hitherto the royal army had ſucceeded in every object ſince their landing at Staten Iſland. The Provincial army, beſides the loſs by ſword, by captivity, and by deſertion, began to dwindle to very ſmall numbers, from the nature of their military engagement. They were only inliſted for a year: and the coloniſts, who were but little uſed to any reſtraint, very ill brooked even ſo long an abſence from their families. At the expiration of the term, but few were prevailed upon to continue in ſervice. Every thing ſeemed to promiſe a deciſive event in favour of the royal arms, and a ſubmiſſion of ſome of the principal colonies was hourly expected.

CHARACTER *of* MONSIEUR, *eldeſt Brother of the* KING *of* FRANCE.

THIS prince, according to cuſtom, is ſimply ſtiled Monſieur, as it were, by way of eminence, the firſt gentleman in the kingdom. Whoever has known the dauphin, his father, may eaſily form an idea of the ſon, as he is the miniature, or rather diminutive copy of that coarſe original, both in body and mind; though, in regard of the latter, he has not ſo much knowledge, nor can he ſhew an aptitude equal to that of his father: as to the former, his outward appearance, though not ſo bulky as the Dauphin, has the ſame aukward clowniſhneſs; his face has nothing harſh or diſguſting; but he is in his perſon ill-ſhaped, and clumſy, with a gait devoid of all manner of grace and dignity.—Such is the outward man.—The inward one is not altogether ſo eaſily defined:—One muſt either have lived with him, and improved every opportunity of ſounding the almoſt unfathomable depth, or be converſant with people, who, having had ſuch opportunities, dare ſpeak their mind with openneſs and confidence;—and this is the ſource of my intelligence in regard to that apparently indefinable being. Wrapt up in the borrowed mantle of unaſpiring ſimplicity, this prince is devoured by the moſt towering ambition: from its remaining unſatisfied, his countenance is clouded with a fixed ſullen dullneſs, which, however, he endeavours to hide under a conſtrained ſmile; indeed, he carries the farce ſo far as to put one in mind of the line recorded by Hamlet on his tables; for the man, though inwardly gnawed

by his ambitious desires, will smile upon a statue, one of his life-guards, or a beautiful woman, with the same apparent air of complacency. Master of all his features, he never betrays the alteration in his countenance. If he is thoughtful, it is (allow me to quibble) with an unthinking face. What his thoughts may be about, is no mystery to those who know him. Divided from the throne by one step only, he wishes for a smile powerful enough to make the path smooth and even. In short, he already experiences the heart-ach that tortured his father for twenty years: happy, if he does not fall like him a sacrifice to state maxims! though there is no Choiseul, at present, to mix and prepare the aconite. Courts always harbour villains enough ripe for any kind of mischief. In order to carry his political hypocrisy as far as he thinks it useful, Monsieur affects the greatest uxoriousness, and, to the vulgar eye, seems to live with his dull Savoyarde, the most disgusting of all disagreeable women, in all that unanimity which is so edifying and sincere between our royal and beloved pair at Buckingham-house. Yet all the pains the prince is at to counteract himself, as it were continually, are of little or no avail.—The less self-importance he shews, the more he estranges the king's affections from him; who daily mortifies him, by shewing the most distinguished preference to the count d' Artois. Whatever may be Monsieur's apparent attachment to his wife, it is well known that his most refined dissimulation could not make him overcome his natural aversion to her, not even so far as to consummate his marriage. In a word, Monsieur is busy in this alone; namely, to conceal the little wit he is master of, his immoderate ambition, his hatred to his wife, his moroseness, his despotic, and I may say, wicked inclinations. I know that the French will paint him in far more flattering colours, but time will shew who has drawn the truest likeness.

Strictures on the conduct of Opposition, and Queries relative to Gen. Burgoyne's *Misfortune.*

THE harsh speeches, dark insinuations, and absurd proposals of the leaders of opposition have so much ruined their credit with the generality of the community, that the oratory even of Lord Chatham is now as little regarded, as the sounds of his grace the collector of the duties outwards from the port of London. The ennobled descendants of the seraglio of Charles II. nay even the unpolluted blood of a Wentworth, a Howard, or a Cavendish are all, from violence of conduct, injured (I would endeavour to hope) by suspicions, that certain principles of party, and a spirit of revenge, desirous of crushing their antagonists, though in the ruins of the constitution, are the sole motives of a vehemence, which, if honourable, is thus overshooting its fair mark. The spirit of the people is now almost entirely on the side of the throne, which they esteem insulted; of a legislature that is defiled; and of a community that is disdained. The trade, the dignity, the freedom of America, is in speculation too sublime and beautiful to allow any paltry competition with those of Great Britain. Let America form her republic; let Ireland, under her shadow, claim the same rights; let Britain sink into her state of due subordination; there are who will, in a different mood, repose on her ruins, like Marius on that of Carthage, and say with the smile of a friend, "This was my doing, was I not in sport?"—Coolness, decency, and unanimity, are now so essential to put an end to any suspicions of such an infamous vanity, that I would hope opposition, in the inquiry that must be made into the conduct of the war, will coolly make their scrutiny into the late misfortune by the following queries; neither sacrificing the minister to the officer, nor the officer to the minister, nor both nor either to the despicable pride of carrying a party point, or disturbing public business.

Was the plan for the march into Albany well grounded? Was the force probably sufficient, or a diversion on that side at all events essential? Were the orders so peremptory as to admit of no restraint from judgment founded on the trial of executing them? Should the march have been attempted when no communication could be kept open with Ticonderoga; or pursued, when St Leger had failed, and no prospect of diversion from New-York? Why did Clinton send word, Sept. 10. of coming up the Hudson's-river in ten days, when he was not enabled to do it till October? Why did Howe quit New-York without forming

ſome diverſion for Burgoyne's ſecurity? Was the reduction of Philadelphia a more capital object, and the ſeparation of the provincial force more important, than the project of ſecuring Burgoyne's march, and meeting it united?

Theſe queſtions are worthy the diſcuſſion of thoſe who only aim at the ſafety of thoſe kingdoms; and who do not laugh at the public, and expoſe themſelves to be laughed at by it, by impertinent ſquabbles about the employing ſavages, and the effrontery of denying the plaineſt facts. The ninth article for the ceſſion of Canada, requires Amherſt to ſend home his Indians and Moraigans, about 1000 of which, it is ſaid, Sir William Johnſon had joined the army with. Amherſt refuſed the article, as no cruelties had been committed by the Indians.

I conclude this, by reminding the oppoſition that in 1759, Gen. Finck was ordered by the king of Pruſſia to ſeize the defiles of Maxen, and prevent Daun's retreat into Bohemia; Daun permitted the manœuvre, ſilently ſeized all the eminences about the defile, hemmed them in with a hedge of bayonets, and, in ſpite of every effort, made the whole army, of 20,000 men, priſoners of war. Faction hath no memory.

CHARACTER *of a* CHURCH-WARDEN.

A CHURCH-Warden is a public officer, intruſted with the church by virtue of his place. As long as he is in it, he takes very great care to eat and drink well upon all public occaſions that concern the pariſh: For a good conſcience being a perpetual feaſt, he believes the better he feeds the more conſcience he uſes in the diſcharge of his truſt; and as long as there is no dry money cheat uſed, all others are allowed, according to the tradition and practice of the church in the pureſt times. When he lays a tax upon the pariſh, he commonly raiſes it a fourth part above the account, to ſupply the default of thoſe houſes that may be burnt or ſtand empty; or men that may break and run away: and if none of theſe happen, his fortune is the greater, and his hazard never the leſs; and therefore he divides the overplus between himſelf and his colleagues, who were engaged to pay the whole, if all the pariſh had run away, or hanged themſelves. He over-reckons the pariſh in his accounts, as the taverns do him, and keeps the odd money to himſelf inſtead of giving it to the drawers. He eats up the bell-ropes like the A's in the Emblem, and converts the broken glaſs-windows into whole beer-glaſſes of ſack; and before his year is out, if he be but as good a fellow as the drinking biſhop was, pledges a whole pulpit full. If the church happens to fall to decay in his time, it proves a *Deodand* to him; for he is lord of the manor, and does not only make what he pleaſes of it, but has his name recorded on the walls, among texts of ſcripture, and leathern buckets, with the year of his office, that the memory of the unjuſt may laſt as long as ſo tranſitory a thing may. He interprets his oath as Catholics do the ſcripture, not according to the ſenſe and meaning of the words, but the tradition and practice of his predeceſſors, who have always been obſerved to ſwear what others pleaſe, and to do what they pleaſe themſelves.

ANECDOTE *of the late Sir* CHARLES KNOWLES.

WHEN Admiral Knowles was in Ruſſia, by leave of the King, to put the Ruſſian navy on a reſpectable footing, among the many abuſes that he endeavoured to reform in their marine, he found ſome very enormous ones in the article of cloathing the ſeamen. He repreſented a ſtate of the facts to the Empreſs, who, after examining the Admiral's papers, ſaid to him, "I ſee, Admiral, how much I am impoſed upon by thoſe who have had the cloathing of my fleet. I wiſh to give the contract to you; to myſelf alone you ſhall be accountable; I cannot place my confidence in better hands." The Admiral, with that ſingle diſintereſtedneſs which ſo ſtrongly marked his character, replied, "Your Imperial Majeſty does me the higheſt honour in ſo ſignal a mark of your confidence. The profits that would be ſuppoſed to ariſe from ſuch an extenſive contract, would give cauſe of envy, and make it to be imagined I ſought to profit myſelf; ſuch a mark of your imperial favour to a foreigner might create jealouſies, and prejudice your Majeſty's ſervice." An example of diſintereſtedneſs ſeldom found in courts.

POETRY.

On CHRISTMAS-DAY.

O That a Muſe of heav'nly kind
Would once poſſeſs my untaught mind,
And teach me how to ſing
The bleſſings that a gracious God,
Deſcending from his bleſs'd abode,
To man this day did bring!

Involv'd in doubt, in vain we ſought
For truth,—while yet no truth was taught,
By learned guile conceal'd;
Religion's ſelf was wrapt in art,
And juſt what *Wiſdom* would impart,
Was to the world reveal'd!

E'en Virtue varied with the time,——
What *now* was good was *ſoon* a crime,
As Faſhion's wheel went round;
No light had then illum'd the cauſe,
Nor certain rule explain'd the laws
That good and bad ſhould bound.

While ſtumbling thus in Error's maze,
Toſs'd in the ſtorm of *doubtful* ſeas,
No friendly pilot nigh,
This thought ſtill wrung the parting ſoul,
This was life's melancholy goal,
In diſmal doubt to die!

Freed from our fears by heav'nly grace,
Inſtructed now in Virtue's ways,
Where no rude darkneſs reigns,
Let's bleſs the Pow'r that made us wiſe,
To Him let's offer ſacrifice,
Who heal'd the boſom's pains.

Ye ſons of labour, ceaſe your toil,
Your anxious care ſuſpend a while,
And join with me the lay;—
The SAVIOUR that redeem'd your ſtate,
From abject beings made you great,
Was born on earth to-day!

ODE *for the* NEW YEAR, *January* 1. 1778.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Eſq; Poet Laureat.

WHEN rival nations, great in arms,
Great in pow'r, in glory great,
Fill the world with wars alarms,
And breathe a temporary hate,
The hoſtile ſtorms but rage a while,
And the tir'd conteſt ends.
But ah! how hard to reconcile
The foes who once were friends!

Each haſty word, each look unkind,
Each diſtant hint that ſeems to mean
Something lurking in the mind,
Which almoſt longs to lurk unſeen,
Each ſhadow of a ſhade offends
Th' embitter'd foes who once were friends!

That pow'r alone who fram'd the ſoul,
And bade the ſprings of paſſion play,
Can all their jarring ſtrings controul,
And form on diſcord concord's ſway.

'Tis He alone, whoſe breath of love
Did o'er the world of waters move,
Whoſe touch the mountains bends:
Whoſe word from darkneſs call'd forth light,
'Tis He alone can re-unite
The foes who once were friends.

To Him, O Britain! bow the knee!
His awful, his auguſt decree,
Ye rebel tribes, adore!
Forgive at once, and be forgiv'n,
Ope in each breaſt a little heav'n,
And diſcord is no more.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A NIGHT WALK *in a* Church-yard.

Night, ſable goddeſs! from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre, o'er a ſlumb'ring world.
YOUNG.

NOW wearied mortals by their toils oppreſt,
On golden ſlumbers ſoothe their cares to reſt;
All nature hush'd in penſive ſilence reigns,
No voice nor ſound diſturbs the peaceful plains;
Night o'er the world her gloomy curtain flings,
And ſolemn darkneſs ſpreads her drowſy wings;
Save the faint moon, a feeble light! deſcries
A few ſtars twinkling in the azure ſkies:
No ruſtling winds moleſt the whiſtling breeze,
That ſoftly breathing whiſpers thro' the trees:
No ſhouts of mirth or joy intrude the ſcene,
Nor mournful ſighs of woe are heard complain.
My blood grows chill; oh! how my courage fails!
For church-yard vigils tell ſuch fearful tales;
Hard to believe! they ſay while mortals ſleep,
That ghoſts aſſembl'd midnight gambols keep,
Steal from their graves; nay more, I've heard them tell
Some ring the dance, ſome toll the funeral bell.
Thus how deluſive phantoms haunt the mind,
While fancy wanders reaſon's powers are blind.
The clock ſtrikes one!—ſhrill ſounding in my ears,
The doleful knell alarms my growing fears;
Yon weeping ayles return the ſolemn moan,
And echo from their vaults a diſmal groan.
How from yon oak, the ſcreech-owl loudly ſhrieks,
And with hoarſe clarion midnight ſilence breaks.

Come, thoughtful contemplation! view this scene,
Those piles of dust to dust return'd again;
Here poor and rich, the monarch and the slave,
Possess alike the mansions of the grave:
In mould'ring heaps they undistinguish'd lie,
Death knows not cow'rd or hero, all must die:
Does smiling beauty in its charms appear?
One would have thought he might be partial here;
But all obey the grizly tyrant's call,
Before his sceptre youth and beauty fall.
Resistless fate all worldly bliss destroys,
How frail and fragile are terrestrial joys!
Time is an ocean with a flowing tide,
Life is the bark where trav'ling mortals ride;
As fate and fortune with indulgent gales
Shall blow auspicious on their swelling sails,
Happy or wretched, till the voyage o'er,
At last they land on an eternal shore.
Now the pale moon emits a clearer light,
The stars refulgent cheer the silent night;
I'll throw off fear, and ev'ry slavish dread,
What says yon lighting marble?—let me read.
"Here lies interr'd, mixt with its kindred clay,
"Whatever virtuous beauty could display;
"How soon death came! oh, sad relentless doom!
"The flow'r quite wither'd e'er it knew its bloom."
How would death smile when this gay fabric fell!
What says this other verse? I see it tell—
"Here lies the lover by the fair one's side;
"Thrice happy pair whom death could not divide."
O mercier! Death, how pow'rful is thy sway!
Ev'n Virtue's self thy summons must obey;
The strongest bulwarks cannot life defend,
The fairest lover, or the dearest friend.
What then avails this wild inglorious strife,
That men run mad about the plagues of life?
Upon such gewgaws all their cares employ,
And heap up treasures never to enjoy;
Could you unspeak where the grim miser lies,
'Twould tell all bliss is vain beneath the skies.
Thus nature mourns amidst the scenes of woe,
When her proud limits can no further go.
Thus griev'd the eastern chief who conquer'd crowns,
Who trampl'd sceptres, and demolish'd thrones,
All climes subdu'd to earth's remotest shore,
The monarch wept because there was no more.
But now the east with chequer'd streaks of light,
By a faint glimpse dispels the clouds of night:
See the bright morn its orient face display,
The timorous stars fly at th' approach of day.
The fallen owl seeks for its lonely seat,
Behind you ivy'd walls, a dark retreat!
Night draws her shade, while Sol his course renews,
And the wide landscape smiles with gilded views.

T. T. MELROSENSIS.

The CLOSE *of the* YEAR.

SERIOUS and solemn tolls the bell
Which bids us bless the parting soul;
Serious the solemn verse should flow,
Which says the Year has reach'd its goal.

Reflection, bring thy wond'rous pow'rs,
Aid us to recollect the past;
Well, if the present day shall yield
A mind compos'd to meet the last.

For sure as summer suns shall roll,
And sure as wintry storms descend,
Life, too, shall reach its fatal goal,
And all our fairy prospects end.

The mind resolv'd, the soul serene,
May chearful meet its latest hour;
And thro' each various change that comes
Defy the seasons and their power.

But guilt, in ev'ry horrid shape,
A sad companion will appear,
Rankle, thro' every mouth, the mind,
And dreadful end the CLOSING YEAR!

JANUARY: A MORAL THOUGHT.

BIFRONTED JANUS, take thy way,
Great father of the blooming May,
And mighty sire of June:
Tho' short thy days, thy nights tho' dark,
Replete with many a nitrous spark,
They put the world in tune.

Keen frosts and driving sleet are thine;
Round thee no woodbines will entwine,
Nor budding roses blow;
Yet ev'ry flow'r that decks the grove,
And ev'ry garland wreath'd by love,
From thy embraces grow.

Thus 'tis in life—Severe the storm,
Which all its rugged paths deform,
And bid the trav'ller fear:
Yet brighter suns, and fairer days,
By VIRTUE lighted, shed their rays,
And make a jocund year.

The SELFISH GROWLERS: *A* SIMILE.

WHEN dunghill-cur or rav'nous fox,
From lack of prey, or smart of knocks,
With echoes fill the wood;
No pity, no alarm goes round
At yell of fox, or howl of hound,
The beasts want only food.

Thus have I heard, that t'other day,
Nor far from Westminster's Broad-way,
A pack of patriots howl'd:
They said they moan'd for Britain's isle,—
But Britain knew that, all the while,
'Twas for *themselves* they growl'd.

THE REVIEW.

The HISTORY *of* AMERICA, *&c.*
[P. 20.]

THE accounts transmitted to Almagro concerning the general insurrection of the Peruvians, were such as would have induced him, without hesitation, to relinquish the conquest of Chili, and hasten to the aid of his countrymen. But in this resolution he was confirmed by a motive less generous, but more interesting. By the same messenger who brought him intelligence of the Inca's revolt, he received the royal patent creating him governor Chili, and defining the limits of his jurisdiction. Upon considering the tenor of it, he deemed it manifest beyond contradiction, that Cuzco lay within the boundaries of his government, and he was equally solicitous to prevent the Peruvians from recovering possession of their capital, and to wrest it out of the hands of the Pizarros. From impatience to accomplish both, he ventured to return by a new route; and in marching through the sandy plains on the coast, he suffered, from the heat and drought, calamities of a new species, hardly inferior to those in which he had been involved by cold and famine on the summits of the Andes.

His arrival at Cuzco was in a critical moment. The Spaniards and Peruvians fixed their eyes upon him with equal solicitude. The former, as he did not study to conceal his pretensions, were at a loss whether to welcome him as a deliverer, or to take precautions against him as an enemy. The latter, knowing the points in contest between him and his countrymen, flattered themselves that they had more to hope than to dread from his operations. Almagro himself, unacquainted with the detail of the events which had happened during his absence, and solicitous to learn the precise posture of affairs, advanced towards the capital slowly, and with great circumspection. Various negociations with both parties were set on foot. The Inca conducted them on his part with much address. At first he endeavoured to gain the friendship of Almagro; and after many fruitless overtures, despairing of any cordial union with a Spaniard, he attacked him by surprise with a numerous body of chosen troops. But the Spanish discipline and valour maintained their wonted superiority. The Peruvians were repulsed with such slaughter, that a great part of their army dispersed, and Almagro proceeded to the gates of Cuzco without interruption.

The Pizarros, as they had no longer to make head against the Peruvians, directed all their attention towards their new enemy, and took measures to obstruct his entry into the capital. Prudence, however, restrained both parties for some time from turning their arms against one another, while surrounded by common enemies, who would rejoice in the mutual slaughter. Different schemes of accommodation were proposed. Each endeavoured to deceive the other, or to corrupt his followers. The generous, open, affable temper of Almagro gained many adherents of the Pizarros, who were disgusted with their harsh domineering manners. Encouraged by this defection, he advanced towards the city by night, surprised the centinel, or was admitted by them, and investing the house where the two brothers resided, compelled them, after an obstinate defence, to surrender at discretion. Almagro's claim of jurisdiction over Cuzco was universally acknowledged, and a form of administration established in his name.

Two or three persons only were killed in this first act of civil hostility; but it was soon followed by scenes more bloody. Francis Pizarro having dispersed the Peruvians who had invested Lima, and received some considerable reinforcements from Hispaniola and Nicaragua, ordered five hundred men, under the command of Alonzo de Alvarado, to march to Cuzco, in hopes of relieving his brothers, if they and their garrison were not already cut off by the Peruvians. This body, which, in the infancy of the Spanish power in America, must be deemed a considerable force, advanced near to the capital before they knew that they had any enemy more formidable than the Indians to encounter. It was with astonishment that they beheld their countrymen posted on the banks of the river Abancay to oppose their progress. Almagro, however, wished rather to gain than to conquer them, and by bribes and promises endeavoured to seduce their leader. The fidelity of Alvarado remained unshaken; but his ta-

lents for war were not equal to his virtue. Almagro amuſed him with various movements, of which he did not comprehend the meaning, while a large detachment of choſen ſoldiers paſſed the river by night, fell upon his camp by ſurpriſe, broke his troops before they had time to form, and took him priſoner, together with his principal officers.

By the ſudden rout of this body, the conteſt between the two rivals muſt have been decided, if Almagro had known as well how to improve as how to gain a victory. Rodrigo Orgognez, an officer of great abilities, who having ſerved under the conſtable Bourbon, when he led the Imperial army to Rome, had been accuſtomed to bold and deciſive councils, adviſed him inſtantly to iſſue orders for putting to death Ferdinand and Gonzalo Pizarros, Alvarado, and a few other perſons whom he could not hope to gain, and to march directly with his victorious troops to Lima, before the governor had time to prepare for his defence. But Almagro, though he diſcerned at once the utility of the counſel, and had courage to have carried it into execution, ſuffered himſelf to be influenced by ſentiments unlike thoſe of a ſoldier of fortune grown old in ſervice, and by ſcruples which ſuited not the chief of a party who had drawn his ſword in civil war. Feelings of humanity reſtrained him from ſhedding the blood of his opponents; and the dread of being deemed a rebel deterred him from entering a province which the king had allotted to another. Though he knew that arms muſt terminate the diſpute between him and Pizarro, and reſolved not to ſhun that mode of deciſion, yet, with a timid delicacy prepoſterous at ſuch a juncture, he was ſo ſolicitous that his rival ſhould be conſidered as the aggreſſor, that he marched quietly back to Cuzco, to wait his approach.

Pizarro was ſtill unacquainted with all the intereſting events that had happened near Cuzco. The account of Almagro's return, of the loſs of the capital, of the death of one brother, of the impriſonment of the other two, and of the defeat of Alvarado, were brought to him at once. Such a tide of misfortunes almoſt overwhelmed a ſpirit which had continued firm and erect under the rudeſt ſhocks of adverſity: But the neceſſity of attending to his own ſafety, as well as the deſire of revenge, preſerved him from ſinking under it. He took meaſures for both with his wonted ſagacity. As he had the command of the ſea-coaſt, and expected conſiderable ſupplies both of men and military ſtores, it was no leſs his intereſt to gain time, and to avoid action, than it was that of Almagro to precipitate operations, and bring the conteſt to a ſpeedy iſſue. He had recourſe to the arts which he had formerly practiſed with ſucceſs, and Almagro was again weak enough to ſuffer himſelf to be amuſed with a proſpect of terminating their differences by ſome amicable accommodation. By varying his overtures, and ſhifting his ground as it ſuited his purpoſe, ſometimes ſeeming to yield every thing that his rival could deſire, and then retracting all that he had granted, Pizarro dexterouſly protracted the negociation to ſuch a length, that, though every day was precious to Almagro, ſeveral months elapſed without coming to any final agreement. While the attention of Almagro, and of the officers with whom he conſulted, was occupied in detecting and eluding the fraudulent intentions of the governor, Gonzalo Pizarro and Alvarado found means to corrupt the ſoldiers to whoſe cuſtody they were committed, and not only made their eſcape themſelves, but perſuaded ſixty of the men who formerly guarded them to accompany their flight. Fortune having thus delivered one of his brothers, the governor ſcrupled not at one act of perfidy more to procure the releaſe of the other. He propoſed, that every point in controverſy between Almagro and himſelf ſhould be ſubmitted to the deciſion of their ſovereign; that, until his award was known, each ſhould retain undiſturbed poſſeſſion of whatever part of the country he now occupied; that Ferdinand Pizarro ſhould be ſet at liberty, and return inſtantly to Spain, together with the officers whom Almagro purpoſed to ſend thither to repreſent the juſtice of his claims. Obvious as the deſign of Pizarro was in thoſe propoſitions, and familiar as his artifices might now have been to his opponent, Almagro, with a credulity approaching to infatuation, relied on his ſincerity, and concluded an agreement on theſe terms.

The moment that Ferdinand Pizarro recovered his liberty, the governor, no longer fettered in his operations by anxiety about his brother's life, threw off every diſguiſe which his concern for it

had obliged him to assume. The treaty was forgotten; pacific and conciliating measures were no more mentioned; it was in the field, not in the cabinet; by arms, and not by negociation, that it must now be determined who should be master of Peru. The rapidity of his preparations suited such a decisive resolution. Seven hundred men were soon ready to march to Cuzco. The command of these was given to his two brothers, in whom he could perfectly confide for the execution of his most violent schemes, as they were urged on not only by the enmity flowing from family rivalship, but animated with the desire of vengeance, excited by recollection of their recent disgrace and sufferings. After an unsuccessful attempt to cross the mountains in the direct road between Lima and Cuzco, they marched towards the south along the coast as far as Nasca, and, then turning to the left, penetrated thro' the defiles in that branch of the Andes which lay between them and the capital. Almagro, instead of hearkening to some of his officers, who advised him to attempt the defence of those difficult passes, waited the approach of the enemy in the plain of Cuzco. Two reasons seem to have induced him to take this resolution. His followers amounted hardly to five hundred men, and he was afraid of weakening such a feeble body, by sending any detachment towards the mountains. His cavalry far exceeded that of the adverse party, both in number and discipline, and it was only in an open country that he could avail himself of that advantage.

The Pizarros advanced without any obstruction, but what arose from the nature of the desart and horrid regions thro' which they marched. As soon as they reached the plain, both factions were equally impatient to bring this long protracted contest to an issue. Though countrymen and friends, the subjects of the same sovereign, and each with the royal standard displayed; and though they beheld the mountains that surrounded the plain in which they were drawn up, covered with a vast multitude of Indians, assembled to enjoy the spectacle of their mutual carnage, and prepared to attack whatever party remained master of the field: so fell and implacable was the rancour which had taken possession of every breast, that not one pacific counsel, not a single overture towards accomodation proceeded from either side. Unfortunately for Almagro, he was so worn out with the fatigues of service, to which his advanced age was unequal, that, at this crisis of his fate, he could not exert his wonted activity; and he was obliged to commit the leading of his troops to Orgognez, who, though an officer of great merit, did not possess the same ascendant either over the spirit or affections of the soldiers, as the chief whom they had long been accustomed to follow and revere.

The conflict was fierce, and maintained by each party with equal courage. On the side of Almagro were more veteran soldiers, and a larger proportion of cavalry; but these were counterbalanced by Pizarro's superiority in numbers, and by two companies of well-disciplined musketeers, which, on receiving an account of the insurrection of the Indians, the emperor had sent from Spain. As the use of fire-arms was not frequent among the adventurers in America, hastily equipped for service, at their own expence, this small band of soldiers, regularly trained and armed, was a novelty in Peru, and decided the fate of the day. Wherever it advanced, the weight of a heavy and well-sustained fire bore down horse and foot before it; and Orgognez, while he endeavoured to rally and animate his troops, having received a dangerous wound, the rout became general. The barbarity of the conquerors stained the glory which they acquired by this complete victory. The violence of civil rage hurried on some to slaughter their countrymen with indiscriminate cruelty; the meanness of private revenge instigated others to single out individuals as the objects of their vengeance. Orgognez and several officers of distinction were massacred in cold blood; above a hundred and forty soldiers fell in the field; a large proportion, where the number of combatants was few, and the heat of the contest soon over. Almagro, though so feeble that he could not bear the motion of a horse, had insisted on being carried in a litter to an eminence which overlooked the field of battle. From thence, in the utmost agitation of mind, he viewed the various movements of both parties, and at last beheld the total defeat of his own troops, with all the passionate indignation of a veteran leader long accustomed to victory. He endeavoured to save himself by flight, but was taken

priſoner, and guarded with the ſtricteſt vigilance.

The Indians, inſtead of executing the reſolution which they had formed, retired quietly after the battle was over; and, in the hiſtory of the New World, there is not a more ſtriking inſtance of the wonderful aſcendant which the Spaniards had acquired over its inhabitants than that after being one of the contending parties ruined and diſperſed, and the other weakened and fatigued, they had not courage to fall upon their enemies, when fortune preſented an opportunity of attacking them with ſuch advantage. Cuzco was filled by the victorious troops who found there a conſiderable booty, conſiſting partly of the gleanings of the Indians houſes, and partly of the wealth amaſſed by their anceſtors from the ſpoils of Peru and Chili. But ſo far did this, and whatever the bounty of their leader could add to it, fall below the meaſure of the recompence which the ſoldiers deemed due to their merit, that they became unable to gratify the ſervants expectations, and refuſed to undertake ſome expedition which his brother had employed on a ſimilar occaſion, and endeavoured to find occaſion for the turbulent aſſuming ſpirit, in order to prevent it from breaking out into open mutiny. With this view, he encouraged his moſt active officers to attempt the diſcovery and reduction of various provinces which had not hitherto ſubmitted to the Spaniards. To every ſtandard erected by the leaders who undertook theſe new expeditions, volunteers reſorted with the ardour and hope peculiar to the age. Several of Almagro's ſoldiers joined them, and thus Pizarro had the ſatisfaction of being delivered both from the importunity of his diſcontented friends, and the dread of his antient enemies.

[*To be continued.*]

Publications reſpecting the late Revolution at Madraſs.

THE late revolution in the government of Madraſs has deſervedly engaged the attention of the Eaſt India company, the parliament, the nation at large. Scarcely were the news of this event divulged to the public, when the preſs began to teem with letters and papers, written by the friends of the nabob of Arcot, and of the preſent government of Madraſs, the enemies of the rajah of Tanjore, and of Lord Pigot. On the ſide of Lord Pigot few partizans appeared, and theſe few did not ſay enough to make us in any degree maſters of the queſtion. We did not think it right to follow the example of precipitation ſet us by ſome of our fellow-labourers. Becauſe a literary Darley had hung a caricature at the windows of his ſhop, we did not haſtily conclude that the unfortunate original deſerved likewiſe to be hanged; we waited till ſomething deciſive ſhould appear on the other ſide of the queſtion. Two capital performances having now appeared, though not intended for ſale, we ſhall lay before our readers ſome account of all that has been publiſhed on either ſide; or ſo much, at leaſt, as hath come to our knowledge.

I.

Letter from Mahommed Ali Chan, *Nabob of Arcot, to the Court of Directors: To which is annexed, a State of Facts relative to* Tanjore, *with an Appendix of Original Papers.* 4to. 3s. Cadell.

IN the advertiſement, the letter of this nabob is ſaid to contain "a full ſtate of the grievances of that much-injured prince." To inform the reader not completely acquainted with the affairs of the Eaſt, the ſtate of facts is ſubjoined. The intent of this ſtate of facts is to prove what Mr Macleane (for he it is who is either the author, or who ſupplied the author with his materials) chuſes to call "the undoubted right of the nabob to the excluſive poſſeſſion of Tanjore." The advertiſement concludes by a long enumeration of the ſeveral names and titles of the nabob. To an Engliſh reader, we are afraid, this muſt appear rather ridiculous; inſtead of inſpiring him with reſpect, it may, perhaps, remind him of the ſeveral *aliaſes* by which, in certain courts, certain gentry are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed.

The letter begins with a recital of one the nabob had received, through Lord Pigot, from the company; and goes on to acknowledge that Lord Pigot had ſent to him an extract from the company's orders relative to Tanjore. It makes ſtrong profeſſions of friendſhip and attachment to the company; gives an imperfect and confuſed account of the manner in which the anceſtors of the rajah, near a whole century ago, poſſeſſed themſelves of Tanjore; laments that he was not permitted

to take "greater tribute from the father of the rajah than his predeceſſors had taken:" to which he thinks he was intitled, "ſeeing that the Engliſh nation were his firm friends and aſſiſtants:" laments, that the father of the preſent rajah, during the French war, "ſeized opportunities of freeing himſelf from the payment of any tribute:" by which, it will afterwards appear, the reader ſhould underſtand, that, in conſideration of ſervices rendered, the nabob himſelf had exempted the rajah from part of the arrears of tribute: complains of the conduct of the father of the preſent rajah, whom, at other times, and with more truth, he repreſents as his beſt friend. The nabob then goes on to repreſent Tanjore as a fief dependent upon him; and the preſent rajah as a vaſſal "who, contrary to the rules and cuſtoms of the country, neglected to aſk his permiſſion to the ſucceſſion, or to do homage to him as it was *his duty*." But this account is ſupported by no other proof than the aſſertion of the nabob; and ſtands contradicted by the letters of the nabob written to the rajah on his acceſſion to the throne of Tanjore. He then gives an account of the two expeditions againſt Tanjore, in the latter of which the nabob ſeized upon that country. This ſeizure he endeavours to juſtify by the moſt improbable account of hoſtile deſigns, and preparations of war, which he ſuppoſes the rajah to have made at a time when he repreſents him to be ſo deſtitute of money as to be obliged to mortgage his lands to the Danes and to the Dutch. He proceeds to repreſent the reſtoration of the rajah as an act of injuſtice, and contrary to aſſurances which he pretends to have received from the king. In a word, upon the face of this letter, it appears, that the nabob ſeized Tanjore without any lawful pretence; and is very angry that the company ſhould reſtore it to its rightful owner.

The State of facts is written with ſpirit, but not, as it appears to us, with the moſt ſcrupulous attachment to truth. The aſſertions are bold, but in general unſupported by vouchers, unleſs the reader will be kind enough to conſider references to papers not publiſhed, *to manuſcripts in poſſeſſion of the nabob*, as vouchers. It beſides is all along open to the ſame objection as the letter of the nabob, that of repreſenting the rajah to be at one and the ſame time, deſtitute of every means to maintain his own poſſeſſions, and making the greateſt and moſt aſtoniſhing efforts to over-run the poſſeſſions of the nabob.

Of the Appendix we ſhall ſay nothing. It contains only mutilated vouchers.

II.

Original Papers relative to Tanjore, *containing all the Letters which paſt, and the Conferences which were held between his Highneſs the Nabob of* Arcot, *and Lord* Pigot, *on the Subject of the Reſtoration of* Tanjore, *&c. together with the material Part of Lord* Pigot's *laſt Diſpatch to the* Eaſt-India *Company. The whole connected by a Narrative, with Notes and Obſervations.*

WHAT we ſaid of the State of facts in the preceding article is equally applicable to the narrative, to the notes, and obſervations in this. The idea of ſupporting the aſſertions contained herein by accounts of *Conferences*, holden, or pretended to be holden, between Lord Pigot and the nabob, is, on the very face of it, abſurd and ridiculous. By whom are theſe conferences related? By whom vouched? By *one* of the parties. The aſſertion then of the party is to ſupport the aſſertion of the party. We may, without heſitation, pronounce, that ſome of theſe vouchers are fabricated; for in the 59th page of this book is what is called a "ſpirited paper," ſaid to be ſent by Major Martinz to Lord Pigot. In the collection of papers publiſhed by the company, no ſuch paper appears, nor does Major Martinz, in any of his letters, hint at, or allude to, any ſuch paper. The reader may ſee his letters in the firſt volume of the papers publiſhed by the company, p. 132. and 136.

III.

Original Papers tranſmitted by the Nabob of Arcot, *to his Agent in* Great Britain, *comprehending the Tranſactions on the Coaſt down to the 10th of October, 1776. 4to.* 4*s.* Cadell.

BY an advertiſement prefixed to this publication we learn, that colonel Lauchlin Macleane, *agent for the nabob of Arcot*, (ſo he ſigns) furniſhed materials as well for this as for the two preceding articles. We take it for granted, that the colonel has obtained his majeſty's licence for thus publicly avowing himſelf to be in the ſer-

vice of a foreign prince. Every thing that could make againſt Lord Pigot is here collected with great care, and enforced with ſpirit and warmth. As a party-writer the colonel has certainly merit, and, no doubt, will meet with his reward.

IV.

The Caſe of the Preſident, or Governor, of the Council of Madraſs, *fairly ſtated. With Obſervations and Remarks on the Conduct of both Parties, as well as of Colonel* Stuart. 4to. 1s. 6d. Almon.

THE title of this book prejudiced us in its favour: and, though the ſtile be heavy and languid, the language frequently low, often ungrammatical, yet the air of impartiality, ſo neceſſary to a fair ſtate of a caſe, and which appeared to be preſerved during the firſt five pages of the work, made us readily excuſe this defect; but when we came to the ſixth page, we threw the book with indignation aſide. There our author aſſerts, that the queſtion to be decided is this: "Is the power of government veſted in the preſident alone, or in the majority of that council in which he preſided?" This is not the queſtion: no man who can read the letter of the new council at Madraſs, could ſuppoſe it to be the queſtion. The real queſtion is very different. It is this: "Has the preſident in all caſes a negative upon the proceedings of the council?"

V.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Pigot. 8vo. 6d. Almon.

OF this letter, which we learn was ſent out immediately after Lord Pigot, in 1775, we can only ſay, that we do not underſtand one ſentence in it. We will extract one paragraph as a proof of the perſpicuity of the writer. "As I think I am not deceived in the firm ground you have reſolved to raiſe a glorious fame to yourſelf, I will venture to make ſome obſervations that are importantly intereſting at this criſis, and which it is more than opinion, it is conviction. You muſt have a conſiderable ſhare in the three capital ſettlements that encompaſs ſo great an extent of the Mogul empire, are now more than ever connected." It requires an Oedipus to comment on ſuch obſervations as theſe.

VI.

An impartial View of the Origin and Progreſs of the preſent Diſputes in the Eaſt-India *Company, relative to* Mahommed Ally Khan, *Nabob of* Arcot, *and* Tuljagee, *rajah of* Tanjore.

THIS is a plain, ſenſible, diſpaſſionate performance; and will, probably, contribute to take off the impreſſions which the violent publications we have already noticed, may have made on the reader.

VII.

The Reſtoration of the King of Tanjore *conſidered.* 4to.

THE author appears to be Mr Rous, a gentleman well known both at the bar, and in the houſe of commons. He undertook it at the deſire of the court of directors. It is authenticated by a very voluminous Appendix, digeſted under thirty different heads. The ſtile is clear, and the reaſoning ſolid. The reſtoration of the rajah is fully vindicated.

VIII.

Lord Pigot's *Narrative of the late Revolution in the Government of* Madraſs. 4to.

THIS work conſiſts of three parts: a narrative of the late tranſactions at Fort St George, extracted from the letters and diary of Lord Pigot; narrative of the ſame events, in a letter from the preſent government; and ſome explanatory notes by Mr Dalrymple, who was one of the council at Fort St George, and ſeems to have taken an active and manly part in the ſupport of Lord Pigot and his meaſures. To a reader who was previouſly acquainted with the ſtate of our ſettlements on the coaſt, this performance will afford much amuſement and inſtruction.

[*To be continued.*]

An Inquiry into the Nature of the Corn-Laws; with a new Corn-Bill propoſed for Scotland.

THE Author of this little tract, has been long known to our readers under the name of AGRICOLA. On the preſent occaſion he writes with his uſual candour and impartiality; and we diſcover the ſame benevolence of diſpoſition that is ſo conſpicuous in all his other performances. He places the ſubject which is here treated of in a very different light from that in which it is exhibited by any other writers who have appeared either

for or againſt the preſent Corn-Bill: but, without joining with either of theſe contending parties, he condemns ſome of the meaſures, and approves of others that have been propoſed by each, and offers very material amendments that have not been ſuggeſted by either; the utility of which he demonſtrates, by a chain of well-connected reaſoning, which diſcovers that he has conſidered the ſubject with a very uncommon degree of attention. Many of his poſitions, indeed, appear, at firſt ſight, rather paradoxical, which, when explained, are evidently conſiſtent with the dictates of common ſenſe, and confirmed by experience. We produce as a ſpecimen the following paſſage, in which he recapitulates the principal concluſions deduced from the whole.

"But from what has been ſuggeſted above, I am in hopes that the candid reader will be diſpoſed to allow, that the following particulars are clearly demonſtrated: viz.

"That the rate at which importation of foreign grain is permitted in any country, if placed very high, will not of itſelf tend to inſure permanent high prices, nor benefit either the proprietor nor farmer, but rather the reverſe.

"That the importation-rate, if placed very low, will not of itſelf neceſſarily inſure cheapneſs of grain, but rather the reverſe.

"That the importation-rate of oats or oat-meal, in a nation ſo ſituated as Scotland, unleſs when it is placed *extremely* low, cannot materially affect the price of that article in our market.

"That the price of grain can only be effectually regulated by means of a bounty granted upon the exportation of it, juſtly proportioned to the exigency of the caſe, aſſiſted, in a barren country, by an equitable importation-rate.

"That an invariable bounty no exportation, whatever be its amount, and in whatever manner the importation-rate is fixed, is neither fitted effectually to prevent the prices from falling unreaſonably low in times of great plenty, nor from riſing to too great a height in times of ſcarcity; but that ſuch a bounty muſt rather in ſome caſes tend to increaſe this laſt inconvenience. And,

"That all the beneficial effects that may be produced by a bounty on exportation can only be fully experienced, when the importation-rate is fixed at a proper medium, proportioned to the particular caſe in queſtion, and when the bounty is made to vary in proportion to the ſelling price of grain in the home-market; the amount of which bounty muſt be proportioned to the nature of the country where it is granted, and the ſtate of the markets to which it can be carried: but that, by a due attention to all theſe particulars, and by that alone, the price of grain may be kept at all times nearly at one rate, ſubject to one variation, and that as low as the nature of things can poſſibly admit. This therefore is the only proper mode of beſtowing a bounty on the exportation of grain.

"I have purpoſely avoided, through the whole of this tract, drawing any parallel between the practice of England in any particular caſe, and that recommended for Scotland; becauſe, as every regulation ought to be exactly proportioned to the nature of the country itſelf for which that regulation is made, it is merely accidental if any rule drawn from the practice of others would be proper for ourſelves; and as the minds of men might be thus greatly miſled, it was judged better to endeavour to diſcover a rule for ourſelves in all caſes, ſo as that it may be fixed according to juſtice and equity.

"For the ſame reaſon I have paid no attention to the prices at which the bounty is allowed or diſcontinued in England, nor have expreſſed any anxiety to proportion the amount of the bounty to any thing that has been eſtabliſhed in that country. It is nature that fixes the price in any country; and all that the moſt perfect political regulation can accompliſh, is to remove thoſe obſtructions that prevent the uniform operation of natural cauſes. Our buſineſs, therefore, ought to be to obtain a perfect knowledge of the nature and circumſtances of our own particular caſe, and adapt our rules to it, without regard to thoſe rules which others may find it neceſſary or prudent to adopt.

"To conclude, I have enquired with candour, and expreſſed myſelf with freedom; and I ſhall be happy if any thing here ſuggeſted ſhall be the mean of making this ſubject to be more generally underſtood than it hitherto has been."

Bagley; *a Deſcriptive Poem. With the Annotations of* Scriblerus Secundus: *To which is prefixed, Prolegomena on the Poetry of the Preſent Age.* 4to. 3*s.* Bew.

THIS is one of the many *natural* children, which we are told Martinus

Scribblerus, Esq; of humorous memory, left behind him. We cannot say that we trace any very strong family-likeness in the young gentleman; nor any great claim which he can lay to public notice, besides what is founded on the circumstance of bearing his father's name.

The intent of this poem, and of its Prolegomena and Appendix, is to hold up to ridicule the stile, metaphor, and prosopopœa of modern poetry—A task of very much use, but of more difficulty; the execution of which requires not only humour but *judgment*. The author of this performance may be a *pretty* critic; were he a poet also, the performance would not have been worse. They talk best who have learned to dance.—That modern poetry, as well as prose has its disgusting faults; that to point out those faults is not impossible, is proved by every Review which appears. Did we, like Scribblerus Secundus, prefer the *disagreeable* offices of criticism, we could mention certain offences against grammar and stile, both in his prose and poetry, clearly not designed, that would immediately raise a general cry to strip his critic's cloak over his shoulders, to which we cannot think this gentleman has risen by proper *degrees*. The bungling cobler, who criticised the slipper of Venus, was, at the same time, a stranger to the beauties of the statue.

If this were all we have to say against the present publication, we might conclude our criticism (for we also are critics) with allowing our author the merit at least of meaning well—with acknowledging him to be a good member of the literary republic, though not the best of critics. But the gentleman will not suffice us.—Let us ask him what punishment that critic deserves who is a blind slave to partiality—and then let him answer us honestly, whether many of the passages which he has ridiculed would not have found more mercy at his hands had they been written by an Oxford poet, instead of a Cambridge bard.

——*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!*

Criticism, to act like justice, should be as blind as justice is represented. All he wants are ears, which partial criticism deserve to lose.

But we talk of the two *sister* universities of this land; and do the children of these sisters deny all kindred and relationship? Do they make American war on each other?—"Tut!" says Sterne, "are we not all related?" No, friend Sterne; for we trust the authors of this Review are brothers, neither in law nor in criticism, to Scribblerus Secundus. M.

Letters from the late most Rev. Dr. Thomas Herring, *Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, to* William Duncombe, Esq; *deceased, from the Year* 1728 *to the Year* 1757, *with Notes and an Appendix.* 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d.* sewed. Johnson. 1777.

WE look with pleasure on the slightest remains of those whom we have loved and esteemed, and never was any man more esteemed and loved than the amiable and excellent writer of these Letters. Rational in his religion, social in his piety, liberal in his sentiments, "I abhor," says he, in the honesty of his heart, "the Trinitarian controversy." In short, he was the Gangancelli of his time, without superstition; the Fenelon, without enthusiasm. These Letters are of no other consequence, indeed, than as they feature out the liberal mind, the ingenuous heart. Yet have not these moral pictures their value and their use? And is not the world likely to be the better for them?

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. A. has been at a good deal of trouble in collecting his Observations, but as they appear to have been hastily wrote, it will require still more to put them into a trim to meet the public eye, especially as they must be divided.

The *Female* TRAVELLER gives us some very agreeable observations in the course of her tour; but she happened to visit the very same quarter where another lady some time ago communicated (through our channel) a minute description of.—She might, however, have given us the sequel of her route, after passing so rapidly through Edinburgh.

T. D.'s piece had fallen aside.—We now see it in another publication.

MECHANICUS will find his subject handled in a masterly manner, in a book lately published by a Gentleman in Aberdeenshire.

ACADEMICUS received, and shall undergo a revisal.—We wish he would change his text.

The BREWER is very indistinct in an affair of such moment.

The measure of W. P.'s verses is quite unsuitable to the solemnity of his subject.

AQUILO's stanzas are as cold, though not so boisterous, as the season he describes.

PHILOMOSOS' song not very musical.